## I Fasten a Bracelet

"New Yorker's Odd Adventures With a "Badge of Slavery" By David Potter

CHAPTER XI. We Talk of Sumatra.

HE Datu of Larang -Medac was his name

-had a big bamboo stockade on the river. I met Tawa there at a lar ones. They aren't very nmedans and don't make bout their women going about

sitting talking to Miss Finney. At sitting talking to Miss Finney. At sitting talking to Miss Finney. At sight of me he sprang to his feet—It was the same fellow I had surprised with Ellen the day before. My blood pounded in my throat!

Without a second giance at me the man took a couple of hasty steps toward a door father down the gallery. Then I had him by the shoulder, dragged him sharply back, and flung him into a chair.

It that. She didn't chew betel-ther, so her mouth was as sweet snapped.

colive skin, large, dark eyes, him into a chair.

that. Hhe didn't chew bettelher, so her mouth was as awest all-shaped as anybody's. I was set to her at once—all the more set to her at once—all the more overwhelmed by the flerceness of my attack. Not so Mary Finney.

Maglish? Wasn't that un"Mr. Schuyler! Mr. Schuyler!" Her

I went on, "in spite of hear about the apathy of matters move fast in some more and bate are swifter where else and so is love. I don't know why it is—because the spirit of the sels into one's value—the leds of the jungle, and all id then people, the climate, the leds of the jungle, and all id then people expect vious of the jungle, and all id then people expect vious of the jungle, and all id then people expect vious of the jungle, and all indifferent.

"Well, what of it?" The man's you think I was?"

transfer and come back to her constant and hunt, I could we have some back to her consider some harm would happen to would harm you? You don't look would h

and I will stand here, every and look down the river for the first and thirty of Medac's best and there or four of Tawa's and three or four of Tawa's a getting a present for Tawa's a getting a present for Tawa's a getting a present for Tawa's a getting a present for Tawa's a getting a gettin

At last a door that slammed faintly in a distant part of the house receiled me to the present—its own problems and difficulties. Ellen knew the truth of the story that had filled more than one column of German and American papers—after all, the truth was nothing to be ashamed of. I was not sorry I had told her all. I glanced at her silent figure.

The firelight wrought quaint patterns on the rose quilt. Her head was still propped on her folded hands—she looked very small and rather pitiful. Her eyes were closed and she sat without perceptible emotion. Tired out by the day's experiences and lulled by the sound of my voice, it seemed she had fallen asleep.

I got to my feet and slipped quietly from the room.

CHAPTER XII. Aleck Explains.

HE outer room was devoid of occupants, but I was sure I had heard a door slam. There had been a peculiarly incisive quality to that slam, as if there had been more strength behind it than Mary Finney would have been likely to em-

was immensely proud of her." led onto the gallery above the gorge and pushed it open. As I had halfexpected, a shabby-looking man .was

is that. She didn't case sets to the ta can be anybody's. I was brief to her at once—all the more she spoke to me in English.

\*\*Hamilesh Wasn't that undifference she spoke to me in English.

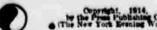
\*\*Hamilesh Wasn't that undifference she spoke to me in English.

\*\*Hamilesh Wasn't that undifference she spoke to me in English.

\*\*All saveral long visits to Singapore a dove defending her young. "Let go of him! You sha'n't do'it. You sha'n't take my Ned!"

\*\*I'm Schuyler! Mr. Schuyle

THE MIGHTY HUNTER \* O ... By Robert Minor





"How far down are you?" I de-manded. "And how did it happen?" He gave a short laugh. "Oh, I'm not bloking. It happened as it always does, I suppose—because a man's a Sool. I was, at any rate."
"But how?"

would have been somebody also for me—I'm not kicking. EverywhereWall street and all—I lost—I kept do losing."
"Tou see, I was supposed to be a business man—I had the greater part of Nell's and mother's money in my charge." He drew a long breath, and went on painfully. "It went—they have hardly enough to get along on this minute—it went and then—I had to tall them—then I went West."
He talked, his eyes half shut, but his face held steadily toward me as if he found relief in going over his sordid story. I nodded at the closed deer.

"How about?"—""
"Mary? I don't suppose that was different from other cases you've heard about. She's pretty—you can see that for yourself, and I—I was a bruta, as a man always is when he see the girl cares for him."
"You're married, you say."
"Tes. That's why I'm here now. The went to Nell and—and told her everything. Nell's a briok! She wrote me to come home at once—she baby it the come of the stream of the surplem?"
"When I reached here—the baby had been born and—and had died. Mary and I were married the day I the old graveyard."

"He draw another long breath.
"We shook hands with, on his part least, a semblance of cordiality. I tried in value to defect in his face or bearing any chagrin over Eller's re-cook of the cordinal proper duffers of us!"

on't disturb her. Please over for her by a o'clock, and my car over for her by a o'clock, and my car over for her by a o'clock, and my car over for her by a o'clock, and my car over for her by a color her by a color of the many and my car over for her by a color of the many and my car over for her by a color of the my car over for her by a color of the many and my car over for her by a color of the many and my car over for her by a color of the many and my car over for her by a color of the many and my car over for her by a color of the many and the search of the many and the search of the my car over for her by a color of the many and the search of the my car over for her by a color of the many and the search of the many and the search of the my car over the many and the search of the my car over the many and the search of the my car over the many and the search of the my car over the many and the search of the my car over the many and the search of the many and the search of the my car over the many and the search of the my car over the many and the search of the my car over the many and the search of the search of the my car over the many and the search of the my car over the many and the search of the search of

if you like, but chivied, no. It has an if you like, but chivied, no. It has an impleasant sound."

"Oh, come, now. Why so high and mighty? Women are fair game, aren't they? To hunt one down now and again—that's living. You ought to know that, old fellow—they say you were a real bashaw in the East, you know."

"Who says so?"

"He waved his hand expansively."

"The world, my boy—Berlin, Paris. London, New York—and Bannocks."

"Nonsense! I don't claim to be a saint, Beauchamp, but I'm not a bashaw. You can set down any such tales you hear about me as downright lies."

"I don't think you ever did."

"I don't think you ever did, either. Did Norah ever hear of this?"

His eyes fell. "I—I think so. I'm sure of it." "Really? Oh, come! It's no dis-

"Really? Oh, come! It's no disgrace to own up—all strictly entre
nous, you know. Besides, you won't
shock us—you left a bit of a trail
behind you here, I remember, before
you started for the wild and woolly
East." He laughed relishingly.
"What do you mean?" He did not
realise the significance of my increasing quiet.
"No post mortems, old fellow."

"What do you mean?" I repeated.
"Why, everybody knows about that
little affair, you know. I don't blame
you."

"What affair?"

we shook hands with, on his part it it is eleast a semblance of cordicity. You have a semblance of the cordication of the

His eyes fell. "I—I think so. I'm sure of it."

"Who told you?—who told Norah?"

"I don't know—no one in particular

—It was in the air."

"I see. Did she believe it?"

"I see. Did she believe it?"

"I—I'm afraid she did." He gathered assurance at my sileace. "Why, look here, Schuyler, everybody believed it—steept Rex, may be. I den't think he ever knew. You were such great friends, and he was so fond of you, nobody ever dared tell him about it—it was near the end, you remember. Everybody believes it—Norah, and the Archers, and Ellen and"—

"What!"

"Of course. We all guessed that

## What Will People Say?

By Rupert Hughes

che hardly ever meets a ond who's determined to do things he thinks he'd like to do—yet there's one visiting yes now."

"You mean"—

"You mean"—

"Yoe, Carloe Beauchamp. Re's not a good friend for you, Norah."

"Mr. Beauchamp is Aleck's friend, not mine. Besides, he isn't here to answer for himself."

"Just four years age to-day," I said absently. "That's a curious coincidence. It's mighty good of you to oome hare like this, Norah."

"He made no reply—I went on. "You said you'd brought flowers only for this grave, didn't yee?"

"Tou've some before?"

"You."

"Tou've some before?"

"You."

"I don't understand," I said frankly. "Doas it matter?"

"A little. It's mighty good of you."

She hushed vividly. "Oh no, it is isn't I. I see I'd better tell you. It's Ellen Sutphan."

"Rell What's she as de with it?"

"I'd one of the Snort types of the snort the snort the snort the snore